

## GEMS IN VERSE.

## Discontent.

The landman through a stormy street  
And shades of night was going;  
The ground was wet with shifting sleet,  
The wintry wind was blowing.  
"Heaven pity grant, and help," said he,  
"To those who live upon the sea!"  
The sailor clinched a trembling mast  
Mid mountains round him blowing.  
While through the darkness, thick and fast,  
The wintry winds were blowing.  
"Heaven save the landman now," he said,  
"With chimney's smoking round his head!"  
But when the world grew mild once more  
This far, dependent growing,  
Said, "If I could but walk the shore,  
Though all the winds were blowing!"  
The landman thought, "Though storms there be,  
I would that I could sail the sea!"  
—Will Carleton.

## Uncle Ted and Boston.

Oh! Boston sits there by the sea an hex a thousand arms  
That reaches out through all the land, through  
all the hills an farms.  
Strong arms they be that never rest, but pull  
by night an day  
An feel new strength when they've drawn out  
boys an girls away.  
An fingers on those mighty arms through every  
valley dart,  
An us of fellers feel 'em allus pullin at our  
heart,  
For when the arms of Boston once are drawn  
around a lad  
They pull him from his mother's arms an  
pull him from his dad.  
For there is sights in Boston, so they tell me,  
that are grand,  
For there is centered all the brains an money of  
the land,  
Houses that start down underground an reach  
up to the sky,  
An men almost too rich an grand an good an  
wise to die.

An men there jest know everything an lug it in  
their heads,  
For in Boston wisdom's ketchin, an like the  
mumps it spreads,  
So my boys went down to Boston—I couldn't  
keep 'em here,  
An I went down to visit 'em an see the sights  
last year.  
But everybody laughed at me an called me an  
old duff,  
Because I didn't talk like them an wear their  
kiss'er stuff,  
For them wise men in Boston they ain't wise  
enough to know  
A biled shirt doesn't make a man who has no  
heart below.

She may hev poet fellers whose songs fill earth  
an skies,  
An flowerers an things like that—but I can  
flowerin.  
My flowerer is this: A man may live an awful  
while  
An keep his clo'es in fashion an his soul be  
outer style.  
An I'm jest ez good ez Boston—let her throw  
her arms around—  
There's one ol' chap clings to the hills, an she  
can't pull him down,  
An I will wear my ol' plain duds nosen or rain  
an spile,  
Nor worry 'bout the fashion plate—but keep  
my soul in style.  
—S. W. Foss.

## To the World's Unknown.

Our land abounds with monuments of art,  
Memorial halls, fine statues, bronze and  
stone;  
To heroes, sages, let the world impart  
Her praise, I sing one song to the unknown.  
The unknown heroes who have lived and died,  
In silence suffering, scoring all complaint,  
The buried hopes, their ideals and their pride,  
And burdens bore when weary, worn and  
faint.

The recluse soul to all the world unknown,  
Save to those faithful heart powerles to save,  
Whose cloistered cell the world misnamed a  
home,  
The path of life around an open grave.  
I sing to poets whose pale lips are dumb,  
Whose ears are heavy with the din of toil,  
Who to their full estate could never come  
Slaves to hard circumstances and life's turmoil.

I sing to artists whose souls caught the beam  
Of light refracted from the perfect day,  
Whose hearts' recesses with rare pictures  
gleam,  
That hands grown hard with toil fall to por-  
tray.

I sing to all the good, the wise, the true,  
Who walk with bleeding feet life's dreary  
years;  
I sing because I catch a heavenly view  
Of their grand souls in more congenial  
spheres.  
—Eliza Lamb Martyn.

## What Dewdrops Are.

One autumn evening when the stars were bright  
I paused to contemplate their host untold,  
All glittering with refractions of pure gold,  
Like glittering dewdrops in a field of night.  
And as I watched them with a deep delight  
I saw one quiver and then lose its hold  
And drop to nothingness. Soon another rolled  
Down the sky and filtered out of sight.  
So, one by one, full many slipped from view;  
And wondering where they fell, my couch I  
sought.  
When I awoke, the Dawn, behind its bars,  
Was flashing pink, while sparkling drops of  
dew  
Lay on the grass, and then there came this  
thought—  
That dewdrops are the ghosts of falling stars!  
—A. L. Donaldson.

## Friendship.

Friendship is not like love. It cannot say:  
"Now is fruition given us, and now  
The crown of me is set on mine own brow,  
This is the minute, the hour and the day."  
It cannot find a moment which it may  
Call that for which it lived. There is no vow,  
Nor pledge thereof, nor first fruits of its bough,  
Nor harvest, and no myrtle crown nor bay.  
Love lives for what it may win or has won,  
But friendship has no question save to see  
If itself is its own goal, and in the past  
Or future can no dearer dreams be done  
Or hoped for, save its own dear self to see.  
The same, and evermore unchanged to the last.  
—Edward Lucas White.

## The Higher Law.

From like, like springs; not corn from weeds,  
But corn from corn; not weeds from weeds,  
spring;  
And so the law of human deeds—  
From like, like springs.  
Exact the eternal balance swings  
Above all laws of changing creeds  
In morals or of changing things—  
From like, like springs.

Good unto good, evil to evil leads,  
Each soul itself the good or evil brings.  
Naught else can harm the soul that haply  
reads—  
From like, like springs.  
—Bennett Bellman.

## Humble Philosophy.

Two laborers talked on their homeward way  
Of the evils that poverty bore.  
One cried as some haughty millionaire  
Drove by with his coach and four,  
"See, the dust from the rich man's carriage  
whirls  
Falls on the toiling poor!"  
But his mate replied with a cheery laugh  
As they trudged on that dusty road,  
"I would be just the same if our carts went by,  
And you'd get more dust from the load."  
And they passed—nor dreamed of the helpful  
words  
On a listening heart bestowed.  
—Edith Perry Estes.

## A Frequent Query.

In an English novel now little read  
A brother and sister are described as escap-  
ing from a schoolroom and hanging over  
the stair rail to watch the guests at a ball  
make their way from the dressing room to  
the drawing room.  
"Why is it," asks the sister, "that the  
older and scrawnier they get the more back  
they show?"  
Other people besides the small English  
girl have asked the same question.—Har-  
per's Bazar.

## What He Took.

Bliss—I used to belong to a theatrical  
company myself.  
Futliffe—What part did you take?  
Bliss—Oh, I took it all. I was treasurer.  
—Detroit Free Press.

## SHE SMOKED.

And, Oh, How Glad He Was to Find That  
She Did!

Two of us left the train at a country  
junction to wait for the train on the other  
road. It was pouring rain, and the waiting  
room was only a box about 10 feet square.  
The other passenger was a woman about 40  
years of age, fairly well dressed, and as dis-  
gusted with the situation as I was. We  
must kill off 2½ hours some way, and  
neither of us had a book or paper. It rained  
pitchforks, and there was no stirring out.

I am an inveterate smoker. I had not  
smoked for two hours previous to our  
arrival, but I had not been cooped up  
there 10 minutes when I felt that I must  
smoke if I had to sit out in the rain to  
do it. Although not introduced to each  
other, the woman and I exchanged opinions  
on the weather and other things. This  
helped some, but at the end of half an hour  
I was half dead for a smoke. I had six  
real Havana cigars in my pocket, and the  
thought of them made my mouth water. I  
finally got up and began pacing the floor  
and wishing that woman in Jericho, and  
she presently observed:

"Stranger, ar' ye in an awful hurry to get  
home?"  
"No, I didn't expect to get home be-  
fore 7."

"Got a heap o' bizness on your mind?"  
"I can't say that I have."  
"Mebbe you've bin taken sick?"  
"No, I'm in perfect health."

"You was actin so mighty nervous I  
didn't know but sumthin was wrong. Look  
a-here, stranger, ar' you one of these over-  
perky men?"  
"How do you mean?"  
"Why, one o' these men who turn up  
their noses at the smell of tobacco?"

"Great Scott, woman!" I shouted as I  
turned on her, "do you smoke a pipe?"  
"I sometimes," she stammered. "And  
I'm jest dead fur a few whiffs this very  
minut, and if you don't keep 'em!"  
"And I can't live 10 minutes longer if I  
don't smoke!" I yelled as I grabbed for a  
cigar and a match.

She produced a paper of tobacco and a  
clay pipe, borrowed my light and we sat  
there and puffed and talked and puffed,  
and so thoroughly enjoyed ourselves that  
she said as the train came along:

"I'm glad it happened to be you. Land  
a-massy, but if I'd bin cooped up with an  
overperky man fur 2½ hours I'd bin  
so high dead fur a smoke that I'd a tum-  
bled in a heap, and kicked the bucket fur  
good!"—Detroit Free Press.

## Too Late.

The man with an important air took the  
seat next to the amiable looking man and  
smiled.

"Vacation trip, I s'pose," ventured the  
important one. The other nodded.

"Ever hear of the engagement insurance  
company?" asked the man of importance.  
"You know in summer how very impres-  
sionable men are. Well, I represent a scheme  
that is simply great. A man may become  
engaged to a beautiful girl during his vaca-  
tion and upon his return to town totally  
forget the fact, owing to pressure of busi-  
ness, hard work, and so on. But the girl  
may remember, and then there is likely to  
be trouble. Now, you take out a policy in  
our company, and we insure you against  
further worry. Furthermore—"

"But," interposed the amiable man, "I  
am not!"  
"That may be," continued the other.  
"You do not seem to be that kind, but  
there's no telling what may happen. Now,  
for \$1 a month you become a member of  
our company, and if you should be engaged  
and afterward suffer with lack of memory,  
and a breach of promise case looms up,  
why, then we take the matter out of your  
hands and settle it. See? Only one paltry  
dollar a month insures perfect liberty to  
you. Do you not think it would be well to  
take out a policy?"

The amiable man shook his head sadly.  
"No," he answered, "it is too late. I have  
been married several years."—New York  
Herald.

## A Knight of Labor.



—Truth.

## Woman's Way.

They had been out yachting when a squall  
came up, and for a time it was doubtful  
whether they could continue their exist-  
ence here or on some other planet. The  
women were frightened into hysterics, and  
not even the masculine part of the crowd  
was without fear. Finally they were land-  
ed safely, and every one drew a deep breath  
of relief. For a few minutes there was a  
delicacy. Then a feminine voice remarked  
devoutly:  
"Thank heaven! Now let's go and curl  
our hair. It's all out."—Chicago Tribune.

## His Excuse Color Blindness.

"Sir," said a man scrambling down from  
a high stool in the rotunda of the Astor  
House and running after a stranger recent-  
ly—"sir, you've got my umbrella."  
At the same time he extended to the per-  
son addressed a faded, tawny alpaca um-  
brella and extended his hand to receive in  
return one which was new, evidently ex-  
pensive and of jet black silk.  
"Ah, to be sure," blantly replied the per-  
son addressed. "It was a great mistake.  
You really must excuse me, for I am color  
blind."—New York Herald.

## Might Change His Mind.

"No, Herbert, I cannot marry you. Papa  
will not allow it," said a Harlem young  
lady to a member of the theatrical profes-  
sion.  
"Why not?"  
"Because he says you are an actor. If I  
could only persuade him to go to the thea-  
ter when you are in the play, I don't think  
he would object any more on that score."  
—Texas Siftings.

## A Broad Hint.

Miss Tentreeks—You seem fond of row-  
ing, Mr. Smalltalk.  
Mr. Smalltalk—Yess, it's fine exercise for  
developing the arms.  
Miss Tentreeks—who is dying to be  
squeezed—I am glad you told me, for other-  
wise I would never have suspected it.—  
Brooklyn Eagle.

## A Mistake Somewhere.

Mrs. Fangle—Have you secured a lodger  
for your second floor yet, Mr. Goslin?  
Goslin (horrified)—I haven't been looking  
for a lodger, madam.  
Mrs. Fangle—Why, I'm certain my hus-  
band told me you had rooms to let in your  
upper story.—Wait.

## The Woman of It.

A young lady, visiting for the first time  
in the country, was alarmed at the ap-  
proach of a cow. She was too frightened  
to run, and shaking her parasol at the ani-  
mal she said in a very stern tone, "Lie  
down, sir. lie down!"—Caleutta Times.

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